Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and deerest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgiue them, that so much haue sway de
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall bee the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praysed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict a
That he shall render euery glo
Yea, euen the sleighteſt worsh
Or I will teare the reckoning fr
This in the name of God I pro
The which if he be pleasd, I sha
I do beseech your Maiesty may
The long growne woundes o
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die a hundred thous
Ere breake the smalleſt parcell
Kin. A hundred thousand reb
Thou shalt haue charge, and so
How now good Blunt? thy loo

Enter B

Blunt. So hath the busines th
Lord Mortimer of Scotland ha
That Douglas and the Englisſh
The eleuenth of this month at S
A mighty and a fearefull head t
(If promises be kept on euery h
As euer offred foule play in a sta

Kin. The Earle of Westmerla
With him my sonne Lord Iohn
For this aduertisement is fiue da
On wednesday next. Harry, tho
On Thursday, we our selues wi
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry you
Through Glocester shire, by wh
Our busines valued some twelue
Our generall forces at Bridgeno
Our hands are full of busines, let
Aduantage feedes him fat, whil

Enter Falstalffe and

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne aw
do I not bate? doe I not dwindl
me like an old Ladies loose gow
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and